

The True Beast

All Shall Perish

I creep into you fiending your
Pleasure coming next mine
Abandoned wounds are bleeding
Rotting ignorance becomes bliss
My mind is searching
My mind is Fighting
My mind is thoughtless
Now
Your hear it?
You hear the torture
I'm on my knees
Begging your body
To wither
Don't you ignite me
This is not your time
It takes hold
This image of rapture infection you
Whole
Stripped, Stripped to the bone
Devoured for solace a place we both
Know
A door opens to show a menace
It's primal justice for this vile crime
So slowly she devours
(Slave)
My perfect utterance
(Decays)
Disown this penance away
(Away)
For now it's on me
I could not see past fury
Maintained the true beast
My instincts rupture and the motive
Has no theme
Now look into these eyes
And see the end of time
It takes hold this image of rapture
Infecting you whole
Stripped, stripped to the bone
Devoured for solace a place we both
Know.